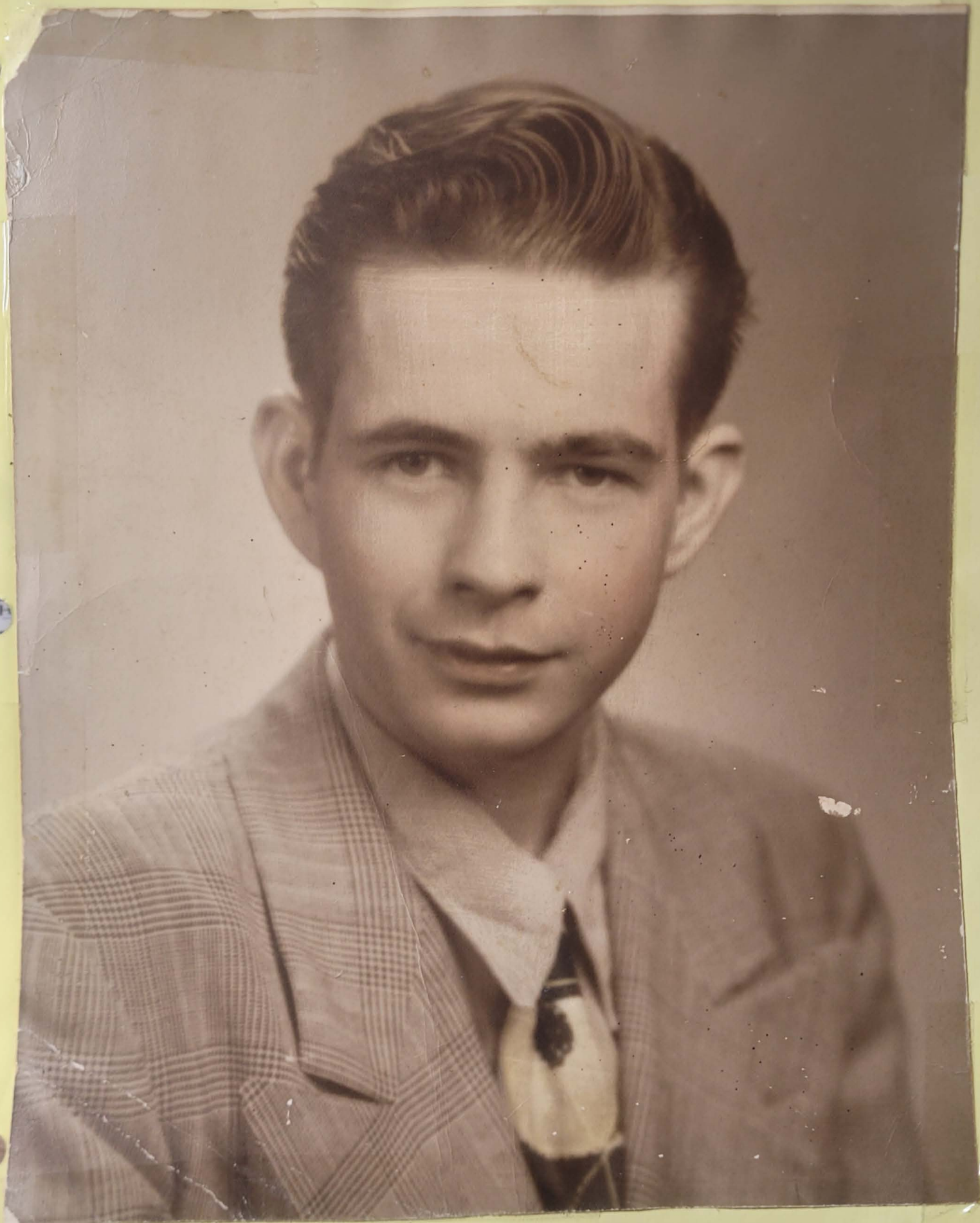


Eddie



DEAR MOTHER

DEAR MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER

YOU ARE ALWAYS SO KIND AND TRUE

YOU MAKE ME HAPPY EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU

WHEN I AM LONELY AND YOU ARE GONE

I'LL PRAY AND I'LL PRAY FOR YOU

DEAR MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER

THERE WILL NEVER BE A MOTHER AS GOOD AS YOU

Witten by: Robert Edwin Martin
7/27 Newington Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland

1/15/46

Poem to his Mother
Someone typed it for him
I think Eddie was in Rosewood
at the time, or Springfield
Mental Institutions

Robert Edwin Martin
Springfield State
Hospital Sykesville
Maryland.

⊥

Dear Mother

Nov. 21, 1949
Wednesday night

I guess a few lines to let
you know that I'm feeling fine
and I hope you the same I am
in Springfield hospital again.
But I'll soon be home again
soon and every thing will be all right
soon again I hope see you out of
the hospital soon Mother Jim and
and Mare and Hellen were out
to see me today Wednesday and
they gave some candy and

Baby



Marge →

... Day that will
be fine I guess Well Mother
I guess this is all I can
think of now
Your son Eddie

Robert Edwin Martin "Eddie"

Eddie was born on 14th St or Newkirk. It was probably around 1930 because I was 5. I remember going up to the front bedroom and seeing this little baby. You remember little things like that.

As far as Eddie was concerned we were living on Mura St. Eddie was about 5 or 6 when he had his first seizure. My mother didn't know what to do and us kids would just hold him until he came out of it. I guess maybe fifteen or twenty minutes. He had never seen anything like that before. After that, it was like every few months he would have another one. When he would come out of one, he would always go to sleep for awhile. Nobody had any phones back then so we did the best we could. But when he would wake up, he seemed almost normal. Eddy never was as sharp as the rest of us kids. But he sure could sing and dance.

That Black day came when the Big Car came. Eddie was put into Springfield or Rosewood, a mental institution.

My memory is not too good about all that. Now, I'll fast forward to when I was in a Boarding Home. I don't remember where Eddie came from or when, but he came to live with me and eight other people. I was going to Hilton High, seventh grade. I can't remember Eddie going to school but I guess he did. I remember he had his 10th birthday. It was the same day as the child of the people we lived with. Eddie was the same age as this boy. Of course, he had lots of family and he got lots of presents and a cake. We all sang Happy Birthday to him. Eddie got absolutely nothing. Not even a card or cake. It didn't seem to bother Eddie at all but it did bother me.

So Eddie and I ran away. We hopped a freight train and were headed for Boys Town in Omaha, Nebraska. But we ended up in Newport News, Va. The police brought us back. I don't think we were punished, we just went back to what we were doing.

I was working in a Body and Fender shop, making eight dollars a week. I had to pay seven dollars board for me and Eddie.

On week-ends we would go from Bar to Bar and Eddie would sing and dance for a penny and I would tap dance. Then we would pass the hat around and every one would throw in a nickel or dime. Some times on week-ends we could make two or three dollars.

I don't know why but the Childrens Aid Society came and took Eddie away. I think they took him to Rosewood, a mental hospital.

A few months later, I went to live with my mother on Homestead St. I am glad my kids got to see Eddie. When we would go to see him, we would bring him candy, cakes and soda. He would take the bag and keep looking around while he ate every bit of it. He knew some one was stealing his stuff. When we brought him food or clothes, they never gave them to him, so he made sure he got this. He learned to wait outside with every thing to make sure he got it. I can't tell you the date but Eddie died in that place. They said he choked on a piece of meat. He was 45 years old.

Brother Jim